

W. C. T. U.

MRS. H. F. URIE and MRS. P. GARDNER, Editors

twenty years ago Palatka was a small town, and while it was not a city, it was a place of some importance. At that time, it was a place of some importance. At that time, it was a place of some importance.

the following two years had things their own way. And the end of that time the temperance people again took up the cudgel of war, and this time, the negroes not voting because many had not paid poll taxes, we went in with a whoop with a majority of 254 and there was some rejoicing.

Two years later the issue came up again. While the petition was being considered a little procession of sixteen W. C. T. U. women filed into the Court House and took seats, around the considering County Commissioners. With no demonstration we simply sat there, and in the afternoon came back and sat again. The "dry" men were encouraged to hold out by this mute sympathy from Christian women, and the petition was not accepted; the law of course being on their sides. This was the last effort of the "Wets" to re-establish the saloon in Palatka, and now it looks as if we were safe, but let us not be too sure. The devil is now even as in the day of Job. "Going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it."

Wasting Our Sugar: Is This Treason? (By Georgia Robertson.)

Surely no one would waste sugar now when it is impossible to buy it in many of our cities! Though it is getting lower every day in the family sugar can, and no certainty that it can be replenished for several weeks, yet the waste goes merrily on! Not in kitchens but in a way we could stop if we cared enough. Natural causes have produced the shortage, and it is up to us to stop further waste.

It is not only a discomfort to be deprived of sugar, but it is a serious loss in food values. It is essential to the soldier. Nature throws one-third more sugar into the blood in time of danger, and increases one's bravery to face it. No other food is taken so quickly into the circulation, and relieves exhaustion from fasting in so short a time. Belgian children showed the effect of lack of sugar in their diet. Shall we be indifferent to the welfare of our children? Of course over-indulgence in sweets is disastrous also.

Food conservation is the cry from coast to coast. We are warned against wasting even a crumb. We are substituting cornmeal, which our allies cannot use, for wheat flour, which they need and must have to win this war. It is admitted that victory will be to the side that can longest keep up its food supply. He who wastes food is helping the Kaiser, and playing traitor to his own country.

LETTER FROM MRS. CURRY.

Extracts from a letter written to Miss Margaret B. Anderson, from Mrs. William Curry a former club member who is now a resident of Seattle, Washington. Mr. Curry and family made the whole trip overland their car early in the summer.

She writes as follows: We passed so near you in Kentucky it was a great temptation to stop and see you, but we had so far to go we decided we could not spare the time.

As it was, it took us eight weeks and our speedometer registered exactly 5,000 miles from Palatka to Seattle.

Of course we were not going all the time; we stopped ten days in Kentucky, ten in Chicago and five days in Yellowstone Park, besides the short stops.

Our trip was a series of wonderful experiences, every one so varied, and we went through every degree of climate, even to getting in the edge of a cyclone, when we had to put the top of the car down and wait under shelter for the wind to stop.

One day on the Dakota prairies it was so windy it seemed as tho' every moment a gust of wind would turn the car over, and now Miss Maggie, this is not a Seattle yarn, but a fact: it was so cold that even Mr. Curry had his head wrapped in a sweater and had to take his glasses off to keep them from being blown away.



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Talk about desolation! It was the essence of all horrors. I could not help thinking that it was very like the Godless man on his death-bed. O, what a cheerful letter! But you see, I am simply preparing you for what is to come.

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try. Breweries are wasting tons of our precious sugar, also large amounts of molasses, syrup and grain. We say wasting advisedly, for during manufacture the sugar is turned into alcohol, which is a narcotic poison and heart depressant, though the latter facts were not known until a few years ago. Much of the starch in the grain is converted into sugar and then into alcohol.

It is well that the women are holding the fourth line trenches of defense by stopping the waste in the kitchens, while carefully planning their meals so the family shall not be undernourished, or have to eat unpalatable food. Saving by the teaspoon is a patriotic duty, but wasting by the ton in the breweries, or in any other way should be looked upon as treason, when the fate of our country hangs in the balance.

The army surgeons say that we are overdoing the cigarette gift act. That the wounded and convalescent soldiers smoke so many that recovery is retarded. —Brooklyn Times. It was a strange idea that of protecting our soldiers from every other evil as if they had been a crowd of school girls and then showering them with cigarettes.

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The coloring on the walls of the canyons is of the softest pastel shades with here and there a most vivid glare of old rose, and toward night the predominant color is soft purple.

The Yellowstone River is the most beautiful river in the world; haven't seen them all, but they simply can't be more lovely. We crossed it eight or ten times and camped two days beside it to have a fish fry. Caught about thirty fish.

When we first saw the river it was crawling lazily along spreading itself out as much as possible to get warm and to show the great boulders over which it flowed.

Then every time we crossed it, it got narrower and deeper and noisier until in the Park, it was a perfectly wild, mad thing dashing itself over cliffs twice as high as Niagara.

The animals are so tame in the Park. No one is allowed to molest them, and all guns are sealed at the Park entrance.

Norman got a splendid snap shot of a bear who came to visit us one morning, and as one of the girls was giving him a peanut, Norman got his picture.

Seattle is beautiful: The two mountain ranges (the Cascade and the Olympics) can be seen on clear days standing like camels against the sky.



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